

Adventures in Babysitting by KristiLynn

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Summary:

Steve is asked to watch Mike and Jane. It's not as easy as he thought.

Adventures in Babysitting

Steve was in the middle of a lecture from his father about how a job was not going to just walk in and land in his lap when Chief Hopper knocked on his door.

“Hello Mr. Harrington,” Hopper removed his hat. “I need to have a talk with your son if that’s okay.”

“What did my screw up kid do now?” Mr. Harrington asked giving Steve a death glare.

“Oh, no.” Hopper chuckled. “Steve’s not in any trouble. I’m actually here to see if he would like a job for the evening.”

That got Steve’s attention. “A job? The police chief has come to my home to offer me a job? How about that?” He smirked at his father. “I’ll take it.”

Hopper scrunched up his face. “You don’t even know what the job is.”

“I don’t need to. I’m sure if you’re coming to me then you feel that I’m capable of whatever it is.”

“I need you to watch Jane and Mike tonight.”

Steve was silent for a moment. “I’m sorry?” He asked as his father left the room laughing.

“They’re going to see that new Michael J. Fox movie. I was supposed to go with but Powell’s wife went into labor two weeks early so I drew the short straw and I’m covering his shift,” Hopper explained. “Look I get that this is probably not how you wanted to spend your Friday night but they’ve been talking about this for weeks and it’s their first time going out. If I say they can’t it’ll crush them.”

“They’re starting high school next month, I think they’re responsible enough to see a movie ”

“Sure they are. But I’m worried about what’ll happen when the lights

go down in the theater.”

Steve suddenly understood what his job really was. “Ahh. You want me to make sure he doesn’t do anything she doesn’t want him to.”

Hopper scoffed at him. “She can handle herself if he does anything she doesn’t want. You need to step in if he does anything I wouldn’t want him to do. Understand?”

Steve crossed his arms. “What’s in it for me?”

“I’ll pay you dumb ass. Are you going to do it or not?”

Steve ended up saying yes. He didn’t have anything else to do after all and he needed the cash. Plus it was an easy gig. Mike was a perfect gentleman during the movie and Steve wasn’t sure if that was because of the fact he was there, because Mike knew that the Chief would hear about anything that happened or if Mike was just that good of a kid. After the movie, however, his attitude changed.

“You don’t have to drive us,” Mike said as they walked out to Steve’s car. “We can walk to the station, it’s not far.”

“I could let you do that.” Steve acted like he was considering it. “Or you can get your asses in the car.”

Jane leaned up against Steve’s door, arms crossed. “We don’t need a babysitter.”

“Apparently the chief thinks you do.”

“We’ve fought Demadogs. I think we can handle a short walk alone.”

“Mike, buddy,” Steve sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. “Look I’ve been put in charge of the two of you for tonight. So if she gets snatched by the bad men or worse it’s my ass that’s in trouble, ok?”

Mike crinkled his brow. “What’s what worse than her getting taken?”

“You know.” They stared at each other for a moment and then Steve mimed a pregnant stomach.

“What the fuck?” Mike exclaimed while Jane looked back and forth between the two.

Suddenly from out of nowhere someone began calling Steve’s name.

“Oh shit,” Steve groaned. It was Billy. He was so not in the mood for him, not now.

“Who’s that?” Jane whispered as Billy strolled up to them.

“Max’s psycho step-brother. Last time I saw him he knocked Steve out and tried to kill Lucas.”

Jane clenched her fists. “Bad man.”

“Way bad,” Mike agreed.

“Well would you look here?” Billy whistled. “Steve Harrington babysitter. Don’t you ever hang out with people your own age? Or do you like ‘em young?”

“Go away Billy.”

Billy pushed Steve against the car. “No really, tell me. What exactly do you do with those kids?” He wrapped his hand around Steve’s neck. “I wonder what this town would think if they knew their golden boy” he began to squeeze “was spending all his time with a bunch of kids.”

“Leave him alone!” Jane exclaimed as she kicked him in the shin.

Billy began to laugh as he let go of Steve and bent down to get face to face with Jane.

“Does the little girl have something--”

She didn’t let him finish his sentence. In one swift motion her fist collided with his face, blood spilling from his nose.

“What the hell?” Steve exclaimed.

“You little bitch!” Billy yelled through cupped hands.

Steve’s eyes began to dart around the parking lot. Everyone was staring at them, gasping and whispering. Someone had already rushed to the phone booth and was probably calling the cops. Calling Hopper.

“I’m so not getting paid now,” Steve whispered.

Hopper showed up to the theater minutes after the call was placed. Billy had his shirt off and was holding it up to his nose which was still bleeding heavily while Steve had gotten the kids in the backseat of the car and was assuring them he’d take care of everything.

“What the hell is going on here?” He asked jumping out of his car, not bothering to shut it off.

“I can explain everything,” Steve began while Billy just started shouting “The bitch hit me!”

“Both of you shut up.” Hopper poked Steve’s chest. “Where is she?”

Steve pointed to his car and Mike rolled down the back window.

“She’s really sorry sir,” he started but Hopper cut him off. “Wheeler if you ever want to see my kid again you’re going to stop talking. Right now.”

Mike leaned back against the seat.

“Are you okay Jane?” She nodded her head. “What happened?”

“Bitch hit me is what happened,” Billy exclaimed and Hopper turned to face him.

“You shut your mouth and stand over there. I will interview you in just a moment.”

He turned back to the car. "You hit him?" Jane nodded. "You can't just go around hitting people!"

"He was hurting Steve!"

"Let him hurt Steve. You need to worry about yourself. What if someone saw you use your powers?"

"I didn't," she whispered.

"What?"

"I didn't use them."

"She didn't Chief," Steve told him. "It was all her."

"You broke his nose all on your own?" Steve couldn't help but notice that Hopper's whole attitude had changed in an instant. He still looked mad, but his voice sounded almost proud.

"My hand hurts." Jane held up her hand and Hopper examined it.

"I think it's just bruised. Let me go talk to Billy and then we'll head back to the station and I'll get you some ice for it okay?"

"Okay."

Hopper started to walk away and Steve hurried to catch up with him.

"Can I ask something sir?"

"If you must."

"Am I still paid for tonight?" Hopper's only response with a glare. "That's cool. No it's cool."

"How's your nose kid?" Hopper asked as they got to Billy. He moved his shirt and Hopper poked at it while Billy cursed. "Yeah, that certainly looks broken."

"I'm pressing charges against that bitch."

Hopper nodded his head. "You could do that, it's your right. But

really let's think about this. If you press charges it's going to be in the paper and think of the headlines, 'Eighteen year old man assaulted by teenage girl'. Something tells me that you've got a reputation to uphold and once that gets around town you won't stand a chance."

Steve tried to suppress a smile at the mental image of the whole town finding out about what happened.

"So here's what we're going to do: you're going to stay away from her, from Steve, from pretty much anyone associated with them. She will be punished I'll make sure of that, but you're going to pretend that this never happened alright?"

Billy sighed. "Fine."

"Good." Hopper got in Billy's face. "One more thing. You ever call my daughter a bitch again and you'll have a whole lot more to worry about than a broken nose. Do you understand?"

Billy was silent for a moment as he let that statement sink in. "Yes sir."

"Good. Now go get checked out."

Hopper turned around and began walking back to his cruiser. "Take Wheeler home, his parents are probably wondering where he is. Jane'll ride back with me."

"Yeah no problem."

"Thanks." Hopper got in his car and shut the door. "Oh and Harrington?" Steve turned and looked at him. "Thank you for looking after them tonight. I'll drop your money off tomorrow."

"Good night sir."

"Night Harrington."